

THE OTHER SIDE.

An Answer to "The Girls That Are Wanted."

Tell us not of good girls that are wanted; Good men are much more in demand; And good men are much more in demand; And good men are much more in demand.

Although good girls are wanted, There are many good girls who want homes, There would be more bright, happy friends, There would be no more lonely hearts.

If men were more fond of their heartthrobs, The love would be truer from start to finish, There would be less sorrow and pain, There would be more joy and gain.

The men who are wanted are wise men, Who can take care of their own affairs, Who will bear their share of life's burdens, And make their wives carry the loads.

Yes, sensible men are wanted, Although girls desire a husband, The ideal, self-sufficient woman, Can never equal the man.

Not eyes are wanted, but hearts; The brains of every day, Who have brains and brains, and are ready To do what comes their way.

Who are willing to work and be saving, And do not expect that their wives, Will keep them from their substance In looking for a life.

Among girls who are clever and brilliant, Could men only understand, There are loving and true-hearted women, Enough to make a man's heart glad.

—(N. Y. Ledger.)

A CRUEL WRECK.

A Mere Writing-Woman Shatters a Captain's Bright Idyl.

It is August in the tropics, or to be exact, in the semi-tropics; the earth is ashen, the sun a red ball looking like nothing but a toy balloon; the bay a sheet of glass. Off to the southeast rise the mountains of Mexico; back a few miles from the coast towers San Miguel, gray, bare and majestic; across the harbor bar the breakers dash just as they have been dashing ever since the earth left its Creator's hands, or at least as long as old Juan Espada remembers, which is a very long while indeed. Old Juan is a link between to-day and the telephones and earshoes, and the golden age of Spanish occupation. His father came in the shining train of soldiers that followed the Padre Junipero and his monks, and the friars going up the valley to a favorable spot and building the first mission church of California, the soldiers encamping at the presidio, in sight of the calm ocean, with that mild, smiling Juan's father was then but a small lad, looking much like a gray-winged butterfly with his bright cheeks, his flying eyebrows, and his tiny, twinkling, round eyes. All the way from sunny Spain, Juan all that gaiter and he sometimes sits and turns a melody, and from his withered old throat evokes sounds that tell of the Gaudian and the whirling waters of the house in far Castile. In due time another butterfly winged its way to the old adobe fort—a little girl who danced the cachucha when Juan was a baby, a little girl who, as years went on, became a bride, then the mother of Juan, and in the course of things an ancient Spanish dame, telling her beads in a shadowy corner of the church, and the maid for forgetting to put the pinch of red-pepper in the broth. But at last she followed Juan to the walled churchyard, leaving him an old man now, to tend the sheep and dry the hides.

And so he sits before his dwelling in the remorseless sun, a bit of the last century left over—an archaic relic of the days when the Spaniards were the lords of the land, before the hated Yankees came in and possessed it. Juan is looking for a friend who comes to chat with him daily, asking him the most enticing questions about the times when his father sang and his mother danced in the presidio and each festa was the occasion of a bull-fight with matadors from Spain itself. She is, in a moderate way, a little coquette, and coquets romances for fifty years. He is to her just so much "material," but he does not know it, and delightedly and unthinkingly answers her, about the famous shepherdess and the mission bells and cracked his own adobe walls. On this particular day, however, it is not so good as usual, for Juan is looking for a friend who comes to chat with him daily, asking him the most enticing questions about the times when his father sang and his mother danced in the presidio and each festa was the occasion of a bull-fight with matadors from Spain itself. She is, in a moderate way, a little coquette, and coquets romances for fifty years. He is to her just so much "material," but he does not know it, and delightedly and unthinkingly answers her, about the famous shepherdess and the mission bells and cracked his own adobe walls.

On this particular day, however, it is not so good as usual, for Juan is looking for a friend who comes to chat with him daily, asking him the most enticing questions about the times when his father sang and his mother danced in the presidio and each festa was the occasion of a bull-fight with matadors from Spain itself. She is, in a moderate way, a little coquette, and coquets romances for fifty years. He is to her just so much "material," but he does not know it, and delightedly and unthinkingly answers her, about the famous shepherdess and the mission bells and cracked his own adobe walls.

On this particular day, however, it is not so good as usual, for Juan is looking for a friend who comes to chat with him daily, asking him the most enticing questions about the times when his father sang and his mother danced in the presidio and each festa was the occasion of a bull-fight with matadors from Spain itself. She is, in a moderate way, a little coquette, and coquets romances for fifty years. He is to her just so much "material," but he does not know it, and delightedly and unthinkingly answers her, about the famous shepherdess and the mission bells and cracked his own adobe walls.

On this particular day, however, it is not so good as usual, for Juan is looking for a friend who comes to chat with him daily, asking him the most enticing questions about the times when his father sang and his mother danced in the presidio and each festa was the occasion of a bull-fight with matadors from Spain itself. She is, in a moderate way, a little coquette, and coquets romances for fifty years. He is to her just so much "material," but he does not know it, and delightedly and unthinkingly answers her, about the famous shepherdess and the mission bells and cracked his own adobe walls.

On this particular day, however, it is not so good as usual, for Juan is looking for a friend who comes to chat with him daily, asking him the most enticing questions about the times when his father sang and his mother danced in the presidio and each festa was the occasion of a bull-fight with matadors from Spain itself. She is, in a moderate way, a little coquette, and coquets romances for fifty years. He is to her just so much "material," but he does not know it, and delightedly and unthinkingly answers her, about the famous shepherdess and the mission bells and cracked his own adobe walls.

glow. He interests her, he thinks. Yes, he interests her as a new species of beetle does a naturalist. She will turn that civil engineer, who figures in a story she is now constructing, into a sea captain; it will supply just the element of picturesque that the tale lacks. Old Juan takes his fourth cigar and listens; Manuela leaves her pots and pans and pokes a brown face out of the door. She has never seen the captain so animated; no one else has, for that matter. The bells of Humboldt County are not accustomed to playing on the minds of men as a skillful player does upon a flute.

"Will you be long in port?" asks Miss Brantome.

"Two weeks at least; the lighters are so uncertain and the Mexicans so lazy."

"You know my uncle, I believe."

"O, well, I dined with him in the spring, and he has visited my ship."

"Then you must come and see us, so that I can learn the rest of the latest in the world of your voyages. And, perhaps some day, if you should insist very strongly, my aunt and I will make you a little visit on board the 'Pelican.'"

He does insist, and she thinks that once how she can take notes of his nautical belongings while he entertains her aunt. It will require some address, but at that she is no novice.

"Now be sure and come soon, captain," she says in her unconventional way, with which no one finds fault because the world records many privileges to a scribbling pen. And so, in the twinkling of an eye, Juan and Manuela, who as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

Meanwhile Miss Brantome is following old Juan as he potters around the orange trees or mounds a weak spot in the sheep coral.

But the men will miss him, and as he passes the corner of the palm elms hear again the merry laugh that goes so singularly with that face upon which the hours of the sea air.

"Wonder if that woman is sincere," he thinks; "she surely appears so."

Then he goes back to the Pelican and makes three errors on one page of his next log-book.

"I never heard, my dear," says Aunt Sue, dryly, "that the Apollo Belvedere was a yachting costume, or any other, for that matter."

Captain Niel, who has no idea that his profile is Greek, moors his small bark dexterously, and the ladies step out on board. Aunt Sue is nervous, and, with a nervousness that is not a little unusual, she announces that they are to have a sail, but she forgets her fear in her delight as the boat leaves the bed of ashes.

But a minute in a small motor, like a swift-winged sea-gull, on the glassy surface of the bay. There certainly was never such a perfect miniature of a motor as this, or at least, Captain Niel thinks so as they wind around the peninsula and just dip into the edge of the breakers beyond.

"When Jacques comes," she says to herself, "I will ask the captain to extend the same favor to him." Then she laughs just a faint ripple of laughter, which Captain Niel finds very agreeable.

"I am getting hungry," she says, finally, "so we must make our call on you and be getting back."

The captain, thinking how charmingly free she is, turns the boat about, waiting for her to drop her head that the boom may not hit it. The sailors are waiting for them, one throwing a rope ladder over the ship's side, up which they climb. The crew stand on one side, their faces calm shaven for the occasion, all obsequious attention. The ladies examine and admire, and at last Aunt Sue, with a gasp, exclaims, "What a lovely little boat! What a lovely little boat!"

"Now, she says, 'if you don't mind I will write a few words to my mother. I can't resist the temptation to say: 'In board the ship Pelican, thirty-second parallel of latitude, Pacific Ocean. You will excuse me a little while?'"

So she writes a block of note-paper, and in phonetic characters of her own invention, she writes down the ship's name, the date, the time, the place, and the name of the captain, to be used when needed. Then they go back to the shore, where the ponies are impatiently snorting.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side. She would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

"Come and see us soon," calls Aunt Sue. Miss Brantome, who is sitting through with the captain, ship and all. But he goes back in an ecstasy. He seems so interested in a sailor's life. He thinks how she would bring him up with cabin with that laugh. And she was not one bit giddy, even when they rolled in the wake of that man-of-war, or when she climbed up the Pelican's hospitable side.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Plant memorial trees on birthdays and you will have a monument of beauty in every tree.

"Whatever farming may have been in the past, the time is coming when the higher intelligence is demanded as a necessary qualification on the part of the agriculturist."—Boston Herald.

"The wages of farm hands in Switzerland, exclusive of board and lodging, average for males about \$36.23 a year; for females, \$28.50. In the United States the wages of the farm hands, including board and lodging, average from \$300 to \$350 a year."—Prairie Farmer.

—Asparagus: To the asparagus lightly into bunches. Then stand upright in boiling salted water, leaving just the heads out of the water, and put to boil. The steam will cook the tops sufficiently, and they will not come to pieces. Boil rapidly for fifteen minutes. Drain, and lay out to toast.

—Egg sauce for puddings: Beat up the yolks of six fresh-laid eggs with six heaping teaspoonsful of powdered loaf sugar; add a half pint of good cooking oil. Put a mixture in a small fireproof place in a saucen full of boiling water, and froth up the sauce for about ten minutes with a chocolate mill.

—American Agriculture: To have yashinas about the farm. For worms, spiders, inflammation, etc. I know of no salve so healing and antiseptic, or so agreeable to handle as this. It is not a mysterious preparation, and it is not a mystery. It is a simple mixture of yashinas, and it is a simple mixture of yashinas, and it is a simple mixture of yashinas.

—Cherry Potatoes: Pare large white potatoes. With a small round potato peeler, peel the potatoes, leaving the skins on. Then arrange in little heaps on the dish containing the halibut and serve. The potatoes from which the small ones have been dug may be boiled and served as cream potatoes.

—Prof. J. Troop, of the Indiana Agricultural College, says that according to the trials made at that place, the Queen blackcap raspberry is by far the best he has raised, and that it will stand more freezing and produce the most fruit of any of the group.

—Prof. W. Stewart says that sunflower seeds are a valuable food for fowl. The best way to feed to calves is to remove the hulls in a hulling-machine and then boil the seeds to a jelly. It is in this condition, says Stewart, that the hulls contain the most nourishment, and the hulls contain 23.6 per cent. of oil, while the seeds contain 37 per cent.

—The silkworm culture. A Pleasant Occupation for Farmers' Wives and Daughters.

A Kansas lady writes in her book upon the subject: "The work is extremely simple and easy. In France most of it is done by the children of the growers, and silk culture is taught in all the schools and convents."

And although of course it is easier to use mulberry leaves and branches than for raising silkworms, a Kansas lady who raises large quantities assures me that most people who raise silk there use mulberry leaves and branches.

United States Entomologist says he has a race of worms fed on orange leaves for eleven years and the last crop fed of excellent quality. It may be necessary to explain the recovery of the worms from hard banks and bottoms can be used for the storage of water to use in time of drought. All that is necessary to convert them into reservoirs is to build a dam across the stream, and to furnish it with a discharge pipe, and a spout for carrying off the superfluous water. It is easy to prevent ravines from increasing in size by sowing the banks with the seeds of grasses and clover, and to prevent the banks from increasing in size by sowing the banks with the seeds of grasses and clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.

Keep the eggs as cool as possible in a dry place, such as a wire or thread to the cellar for the winter. The grass is not so good as the clover, but it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover, and it is better to use the grass than the clover.